

NO. 29.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

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Colonel Harding was one of the wealthiest planters on the Mississippi River. Although he had been educated at the north, and was something of a man of the world, he possessed to the full all the distinctive characteristics of the southern gentleman. He was very fond of entertaining and his dinner parties were known the country over. He was a great admirer of the French and was much of Colonel Harding's *cuisine* to the perfection of which his negro cook, Caesar, took night and day with that unceasing industry that the negro only evince when engaged in the fascinations of the culinary art. But, alas! that he should have to record it—Caesar, like all great men, had his weakness, and that weakness was no less than that

whipping. The next morning the colonel and his guests walked down in solemn procession to the duck pond; there, sure enough, were all the geese standing on one leg.

"Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I tell you so, massa?" cried Cesar, triumphantly.

"Shoo! shoo!" said the colonel.

Every goose put down his leg.

But Cesar was equal to the emergency.

"Ain't ain't fair, massa; you know dat ain't fair! You didn't say 'shoo' to dat goose on de table."—[Viwer in San Francisco Argonaut.

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Wet weather will influenza man when nothing else will.—[Texas Sittings.

tion of six consonants—n, g, h, v, r, and f. This is a considerable error, since w and a guttural h are habitually replaced by dogs, and h or v is ever used only in the name of a dog. This of course refers in both cases to highly domesticated animals.

It was a firemen's parade, headed by the brass band. As they turned the corner Gus Cesar, who was holding up a catching post, spelled out the letters of the E. P. I-n-r-i-b-u-S-u-n-u-m," pointed out the head of a big drum. "Now, Jake, know, what's that?" he asked of the unk negro standing under the awning with his mouth open. ("Can't yer know that?" was the reply. "Can't yer make do? Dat's de name ob de man who made de drum."

The man who is the most strenuous
opposed to horizontal reduction
the young fellow in the new trousers
who slipped down in the middle of
city street just as he was about tipping
this hat to a \$200,000 heiress.

The Ohio editor who wrote, "Ohio was a state of nature, and the wilderness is its campaign year," should be visited. There is evidently bliss somewhere.

When you see a counterfeiter coin the sidewalk, pick it up. You are able to arrest if you try to pass it.

PROPRIETOR.